



**Recycled paper and
content**

Girls Pissing sounds of deprivation

Girls Pissing on Girls pissing are best understood on lesser amounts of sleep and food, a bit of caffeine and possibly a mild hangover, when you have surrendered to that state and feel abnormally calm. Also on Good Friday or in a context where you are disciplined into that state like an empty-stomached high schooler or night shift worker escaping to timeless nirvana. There's always a nice tree out of the window or a pavement crack that can be construed as romantic along with the weird strength of your own apathy – or what looks like apathy to rabid, anxious, twitchy red meat n' coca cola-rabid, gossipy ambitious, hypersocialites. What's a 'hypersocialite', is that even a useful hyperbole? Perhaps not, but the form looked alright. See, I have learned to be glib. But I also spent many nights and afternoons a dreamy, earphone-plugged teen near believing that music was a magical substitute for food and for any routine resembling adult life. Trees, rain, solitude, music, philosophy – good. Wouldn't be surprised if Girls Pissing members were vegetarian, too. But that is besides the point.

In this calm state that I'd squashed for more modern/post-modern/post-industrial/? materialistic integration, Girls Pissing seemed less oppressively sad and more calming. Also did not know it was Girls Pissing when that song that goes, "I'm still waiting for my sweet sixteen" reached the couch. Good stereo might have helped too. Is it David Sylvian from Japan (the band) or that V/vm guy who did a sinister Imagine remix? Nope, Girls Pissing, that band I'd wrote an at-times puerile article about in issue 2 or 3. Now, I kind of 'get' Japan, though I can't listen to them much for similar reasons.. Too much refined, pop-informed aesthetic that makes the timeless cultural/philosophical statements seem individualistic; so artistically, neatly curated that they seem a bit alienating (maybe I mean esoteric?). Japan was an English band of intellectually-inclined, working class art kids in a masculine-oriented, bland, working class city where you can read books but not know how to pronounce words to the posh Cambridge types but won't fit in with the football, beer and pub banter working class Britishness either. I know this because of Mark Fisher (rest in peace, wish he could've had the chance to talk about all these

newer bands) in his book *Ghosts of My Life: Writings on Depression, Hauntology and Lost Futures*. Japan even have fake accents. They look like girls, and a bit like anime characters, It is all very neat, the aesthetics, borrowed from distant authorities. Things that spook their alienating relatives, politicians, dull shopping mall cities. But not their keen, educated minds and warped, daydream-intercepted socio-emotional development and crucially, the capacity & inclination to choose another serious order. Japan chose communism and collectivism. Girls Pissing chose satan, the occult. Japan was in the tail end of the Cold War in a country with literally piles of rubbish and hungry children of striking miners in this unimaginably intense class war. That petered out, largely to the benefit of a wealthy few (so they said at uni) leaving in it's wake rock music reflecting a decisive camaraderie that seems unsurpassable. Maybe it's because we practically had no choice except to absorb The Jam, Sex Pistols, The Damned, Sham 69 etc. as rock music fans and Billy Bragg, and maybe the Housemartins. Maybe that's why it seems more powerful. Either way, it was supposedly boredom, greed and authority that defined the era. A) rigid cultural constraints of 9-5, mass-marketing, gender roles, racism b) a breakdown in the benefits received by the rule-abiding person such as a secure share in material & cultural prosperity. Japan and Girls Pissing have resolved the latter for themselves in artifice.

It seems to make sense that I found Japan in a culture theory book. Girls Pissing, haven't been related to their social/cultural context with such distinction as Japan. Japan is a modern oddity with cleaner, more modern, sad dance. Girls Pissing channels black metal and hardcore into a more lucid looking order/form that's more medieval tapestry (what's that song called, not pottery miscarriage, Ceramic Miscarriage). Finding alternative patterns out of the bleak with a balance of scientific/dry notation detachment and fine attention. They scream, they're heavy. I prefer Japan's mix of personal & political grief to all this Occultish otherworldliness. I can say that Girls Pissing would certainly appeal to me on a more instinctive and unpretentious level if I were not now an overstimulated, secular Young Adult trying to be all productive and modern. Think of that what you will.

Either way you don't want to move to them. Any camaraderie, dis-alienation you can get from them is in your weird spiritual, or quasi-spiritual quietude. Have a good Good Friday, whether it's your pagan holiday or remembering Jesus' meaning-in-suffering or eating chocolate hung over. Hope in your derangement, your alienation, you can find some kind of new life beyond the trappings of progressively zombifying imposed orders by burrowing underneath or resting your frenzied mind/spirit if not finding 20th century energy, pride, blokish camaraderie, conventional staid expression etc.

This dirty business of mine?

I don't study anything, I come across it and it resurfaces some time later. I don't bring it up again then, either, unless I get a suspicion I'm missing something important. Yep, I'm looking you up and down and straining through my own social, moral prejudices in an inexact system of counter-balances and pistons and pulleys until something breaks a circuit, loses power, redirects attention... I don't know. But your band, your film doesn't deserve any more penetrating inquiry than the random guy crossing your path in battered *Globe* shoes and a not-quite-classic flanno. Why? How the hell do you know?.. Exactly. I don't have time and it's awful, it's superficial, it's anxiety-inducing and soul-damaging. And yep, everyday person hasn't gone to the trouble of anything more than looking and acting ordinary to the public eye. They have not kindly set out a whole, attention-demanding product that asks for the courtesy of thoroughly understanding each part in relation to the other. I'm sorry. It just isn't my job to do that. Why? Because there are piles upon piles of products out there that I just have to see. Not to mention billions of people, animals, buildings, parties, foods, and so on. It is a compliment that I recall you. It is a humble admission of you having distinctly entered into my little life of thoughts and emotions. An intruder, a guest, a mechanic? Then, you're only some of those important people and things. I don't even know what/who the most important is (edit: truly important, not important for writing & zine conventions). My biased little motivation calculator, neurotransmitter release centre, sentence constructor chooses that which

will fit into a structure and theme that my rough social cognition determines may be palatable, important for some cause instilled in me through discipline or innate unconscious drive for security or reproduction – some cause that might be selfish, or selfless in a real misguided spirituality. Maybe just a mind game, like chess, because some evolutionary glitch makes most of us like that stuff to an extent. Maybe you, and your stuff, is mindless escapism. Art... Artifice... Bunch of symbols, signs, stereotypes, gestures, pretences, statements, inchoate rallying calls, tied up into these neat little things you call albums and books and so on. Forming their own niche micro-economies. Including my own shit. What kind of substance is there? I'm simulating real work, putting my mind to something. What is actual culture? Me standing around telling people about my shit, then standing in some zine convention like a comicon full of alienated self-loathers on antidepressants as substitute for culture as in constant, lifelong, existentially sustaining patterns of human interaction? Hope I made you a bit less isolated or bored somehow, though.

FUCKING GREAT SONG

Here I am bored and a bit tense, haven't listened to much music on my own for the past year or so except a really silly indulgence in Break My Stride by Matthew Wilder (“nobvody gonna break my stride, nobody gonna hold me down! Oh no! Got ot keep on moving”) and some others, keeping away from that song though and other pop harbingers of 80s gross excess and now listening to some disgusting, probably disgusting and sad men about as PMS tense as I am now but because of gross alcoholism and toxic masculi-ah SHUT UP IT'S A GREAT SONG, you know a CHAINSAW can be used to good or ill but don't go cowering from any old chainsaw like this song, electric guitar chainsaws, cool. Powerful, like words swirling around in the back of your head, less irrelevant to your life situation now than your grade 1 teacher's self-esteem building classes saying you're smart cause you tied your shoes, that you'll carry for the rest of your life regardless of those shoe's application to your life now.

Big powerful adults said you were competent,

cool, in a systematic manner with cursory application of criteria of goodness and normalcy. Like your parent's criteria, right? Or maybe you had shit parents, or snootier teachers, high standard people. Maybe none of that fake stuff and just ordinary relationships where you did & said things based on age-appropriate common sense and negotiation.

Either way, if you grew out of, or didn't grow into a fear of loud noises then a bunch of yobs yelling GO THE HACK shouldn't scare you. Should do you good. They're a bunch of dudes but that shouldn't scare you either cause look at these sad sacks, I mean listen, they're operating tractors in the sun and get off on female domination. Picture that utterly mundane image of some fat, drunk farmer trying to pick up younger women like every lame-arse start-up day trader in a suit, every dapper arts council poet, climbing into a tractor for the droning work-satisfaction of being the man with the Big Tractor like your Dad.

What do you mean the girl's a Lost Cause, guys? Do you really have that shallow of a perspective of women that you wanna say this girl's nothing but a Lost Cause, a little smorgasboard of body parts like some kind of seafood platter? Maybe it's cause they don't get to talk to women all that much, yeah. Bunch of blokes we'll say "eww" and run away from. But you know, they're probably at that age where they have daughters and I may as well be a son in some respects. *Elle* is one of those most powerful body-positivity songs for athletic women in existence. "Shoulders are as wide as mine, Elle you are just my kind..." I bet daughters of them wouldn't be any delicate snivelling brats and if 'body positivity' is a thing to you then you've probably absorbed the same old alienating, superficial doctrines and look at yourself in the mirror everyday. Damn, I need to stop doing that. If only these grutesque masculine men and disreputable women would stop reminding me how they look at others!

Well I dunno, if Cosmic Psychos crumbled at every slight, implicit insults to aging, unkempt bodies they'd suck. I mean, their music would probably suck. They just want to get on with it, make it work. Now, if people were to protest the

possible misogyny, all happened to be in a crowd somewhere and had good reason to find this all a lot more hurtful, I would accept it, I think, but at the same time wonder if some unknown beast of fierce, discriminate authoritarianism is going to suck the life out of me more than the spirit of base blokish camaraderie. I'm excluded from that, from its full realisation, but so what? Just a bunch of humble guys living honest lives, don't want to dominate anyone. Sounds good to me. They make digging a hole and eating a schnitzel at a pub more romantic than Common People tripe and whatever Bruce Springsteen is doing walking around that neighbourhood there in that video. "You've gone one chance in life."

Remember Blur, or at least that "woo-oooo" song, bunch of clever boys on the working class side writing stories of how terrible things are like consumerism and 9-5 or something until you hate everything in 'modern life' but high energy songs like *Advert* and sitting in your room watching youtube? Cosmic Psychos aren't/weren't (it was the 90s) with you in your cage of tepid desk-bound smart arsery, though I reckon some would've gotten into Battlefield or something. But even if you sit slack jawed swiping right (or is it left for no?) on Tinder on anyone outside your smart little prototype, getting your sub-par selfies rejected, bet you relate to Lost Cause too. See how many 'likes' you get trying to announce "B.I.T. BACK IN TOWN" to your cosmopolitan facebook utopia. Nothing will ruin your night more than the succession of flake-outs to come before that and your shit desk job/study /service industry work experience warrants a mental health sickie and you're so restless, leg rattling 200bpm tempo on your desk that it seems a fine idea to kick a hole in the wall. There there, dear, it's normal. Try channelling that rage and the little delights of your life into chainsaw camaraderie. For example,

"Rip and dig! Sink right down! Rip and dig!
Taking orders from the old man"

could become,

"Quips and spin! Sell right now! Sip caffeine!
Take instructions from the webcam".

You know it's shit that in effect they're probably

setting back some possibly better causes of forestry preservation (edit: *actually, wasting their time and destructive energy, more than anything*) by joking about smashing Greenpeace buses. Self-interested men interested in their mates and their jobs and beer, always going to have some short sightedness when it comes to stuff that impinges on their life but might be better for the public, the habitat, etc. How much better are you, though? Do you live with more dignity and generosity? Un-self-congratulatory honesty? Yep. What I thought (nope). Bet you'd say "fuck communism" if the govt. kicked you out of your shit house to relocate a bunch of orphans, if it was the last suitable house in the most suitable area. And you'd say. fuck whatever politician or protester if your bartending job got interfered with a bunch of do-gooders, without considering the scourge alcohol is on lives and families. You'd say fuck puritan Christians, conservatives, straight edge people or whatever. Privately though, and like some professional campaigns on facebook. The monkeys, the planet, women, kids, *sure* you do right by them, *sure* you're a life affirming person. You don't beat anyone up I bet and that is good but I bet Cosmic Psycho yobs are just after other yobs so I dunno. Just a bunch of yobs. Wouldn't want to be one, wouldn't try to beat one. Loosen up, though. Unless you're the Earth/Animal Liberation Front or something, cause your brand of aggro energy enhances my cheap rice meals. You do honest, straight-forward hard work, too, I suppose. That's not for me to write about, though.

Filler Friday

The Underground Music Scene in Coober Pedy is Great and Underrated I Bet

It is actually Wednesday

When we die we should have on our tombstones, "Deceased loved underground music so much we buried them with their record collection"

For too long I thought Teneriffe was pronounced Tenriff, like Penrith (Western Sydney)

Someone wrote 'fuck the rich' in really tasteful, neat dribbles in Paddington, gorgeous lines of thick paint not coming off that concrete any time

soon. "Yes indeed, fuck the rich. That's why we moved to a suburb once populated by poor art kids. What lovely children, adorning our streets with such tasteful and understated art." Good on you, Paddington.

For the burying records thing, for relatives it's 2 birds, 1 stone because the 'can't sell, can't listen either' conundrum

Oh Coober Pedy is a place seminal for... for...
...rock history

...rock history, ha

Move on to something that appeals to contemporary smart-arse youths.

OK, I have this *conspiracy theory*. Cooper + Cobber = Coober. Coopers = a brand associated with lame politics (not the other one, uh, Carlton, which got alright cause it's workers sstriked). Coober Pedy = rock caves for houses. And Underground Music. Jesus went in a tomb, famously, and emerged from the dead. ROCK AND ROLL is what the tomb stone did. Rock Is DEAD in Coober Pedy and, BUT is going to re-emerge. From Australia, Cobber. And I accidentally deleted a section of a paragraph and it said 'Cooper + Cher 1'. Cher = icon of female power. Feminine Jesus Rock and Roll is in the Womb of the Underground. Coopers beer is designed for squares (ALL beer is for squares) but it's drunk anyhow and will be re-coopted.

And that's my attempt to co-opt the conspiracy theorist jokes, and Christianity, and rock end roll. And describe what I am doing as if to prove I am not an idiot, I've done the theory component, did the work! That is not even required of me. So I can convince you, the assessor, of my fine effort.

I'VE GOT GOON IN MY WATER BOTTLE

There's a lady working in a call centre, I dunno if the same one that got a mass-email from a recruitment agency reminding them to wear deodorant but idk if any different. There's a lady who gets a comment from a supervisor about how vivacious, on-the-ball she is (or something like that) and she said, "I'VE GOT GOON IN MY WATER BOTTLE" She got fired on the

spot.

This other guy at an exhibition once, for a very dignified photo zine (by Ryan Topez) full of urban decay and its forgotten characters – the actually forgotten, not the almost-bourgeois artists locked out of making an art living – was talking about how he was some kind of church youth leader. He'd lead party-for-christ activities for about 400 youths, if I recall correctly, while high, and having been high for a while and buying his weed from a heroin-intoxicated gangster, in his school uniform.

An old house-mate used to drink vodka at school and thought nobody knew. She was very bright, and very rich. The school, however, could not contain her extroverted frustration and she could not contain her secret. “You stink, Tasha (name changed)” They could smell it on her breath. Don't know what happened in the end but the classroom always seemed to suck a bit for her anyway. “Mee! Meeee! I know the answer!” “Shhh, let somebody else.”

